So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earely in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundered friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

*Rich.* Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy Miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.

*Enter the Ghoſt of prince Ed. Son to Henry the ſixt.*

*Ghoſt to K. Ric.* Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire therfore and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules Of



Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond* comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.*

*Ghoſt to K. Ri.* When I was mortall, my anointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: diſpaire and die,
*Harrie* the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
*To Rich.* Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
*Harrie* that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and flouriſh.

*Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.*

*Ghoſt.* Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
*To Rich.* Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouriſh.

*Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.*

*Riu.* Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
*Riuers* that died at *Pomfret*, diſpaire and die.
*Gray.* Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Ric*, boſome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

*Enter the Ghoſt of L. Haſtings.*

*Ghoſt.* Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daies.
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings*, diſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* ſake.

*Enter the Ghoſts of two yong Princes.*

*Ghoſt* to *K. R.* Dreame on thy couſins ſmoothered in the Tower
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh the downe to ruine, ſhame and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* ſleepe in peace, and wake in ioy,

Good